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including crewel work and designs for altar cloths. I am glad to say that the future of our society seems brighter now than ever before.

We have on exhibition here now, at the art rooms of Myers & Hedian, the third work of the young sculptor E. Keyser, a native of this city, who has sent hither all his works as fast as they were completed in Rome. His first work that attracted notice was the "Toying Page." His second, the "Pet Falcon," after being offered for sale here at \$1000 without a purchaser, has just been sold in New York for \$1200 after being on view at Tiffany's for a few days. "Psyche" is the subject now exhibited here. The other two works were bronzes, this is marble. The figure represents Psyche at the moment when, overcome by curiosity, she pauses by the wayside and is about to open the precious casket, which, according to mythology, she had received from Proserpine with a strict caution against opening it. A distant footstep, or perhaps the rustling of a leaf, has startled her with a sudden consciousness of her disobedience, and the dread of discovery causes an eager, expectant gaze, and a hurried attempt to conceal the object of her care. The upper part of the figure is turned halfway round; the fingers of either hand just support the casket; the arms reach around the side, and the right lower limb is raised and pressed against the left. The attitude of the figure is a lifelike representation of involuntary concealment. The marble is remarkably fine, and every line in the figure is seen with distinctness. The face, with its unique beauty, is a study in itself, and wears an air of charming, confused helplessness. The figure is life size, and in beauty of conception and fineness of execution is worthy of a high rank. The artist has set its price at \$3000, and if it is not sold by March next it will be sent to New York and placed in Tiffany's. Mr. Keyser is now in Baltimore, where he has opened a studio and is busily engaged on a new work.

Fifty-three paintings by A. J. H. Way and H. Bolton Jones, and nine by G. B. Way and F. C. Jones were sold at auction a few weeks ago in this city. The aggregate price realized was \$3541. H. Bolton Jones is in Europe, intending to spend some time in Grenada, Spain, and in Tangier, Moorish Africa. E. K. C.

ART IN ST. LOUIS.

A GREAT CHANGE FOR THE BETTER—THE PICTURE BUYING MANIA—SOME THING ABOUT THE SKETCH CLUB.

St. Louis, January 4, 1880.

To form a correct idea of the recent wonderful growth of art appreciation in St. Louis, it is only necessary to glance at the changes which have been wrought within the last half of a decade. Five years ago, there were scarcely half-a-dozen persons in the city who ever thought of buying pictures outside of the personal friends and patrons of the local artists. And even the patronage extended to them consisted very largely of commissions for portraits of "self, wife, and daughter," a kind of art love which is mostly vanity.

Annual exhibitions of pictures were held in one of the departments of the great Fair of the Agricultural and Mechanical Association. Premiums and diplomas were offered for the best art productions in common with pigs, cattle, horses, chickens, and agricultural implements. The art department was located in the "amphitheatre," a great circular wooden structure, enclosing a space where live stock was exhibited. The walls of the building were reserved for paintings, engravings, photographs, drawings and "other works of art," while the floor space was utilized for the display of pianos, melodeons, bedquilts, mammoth squashes, and other abnormal vegetables. About three years ago a well-lighted and commodious art gallery was erected, with hanging space for three hundred pictures; and collections of paintings, comparing favorably with those

at any of the annual exhibitions held throughout the country have succeeded the ludicrous conglomerations of former years.

The art department of Washington University was at that time a sickly infant, with an expectancy of life scarcely computable. But under the skilful nursing of Professor Halsey C. Ives, it has developed into a stalwart youth of astonishing vigor. Under the broad charter of the university it has been incorporated as the St. Louis School of Fine Art, and last year some four hundred and fifty pupils received intelligent instruction in its various departments. A museum and art gallery, costing over two hundred thousand dollars, is in process of erection—the gift of one of the founders of the university. The new museum has been liberally endowed, and under wise management the school of fine arts will exert a potent influence on art development throughout the Mississippi Valley.



SKETCH BY LELOIR. CONTRIBUTED TO "PARIS-MURCIE."

Among people of wealth the change has been even more marked. What might almost be called a picture mania has sprung up, and a good natured rivalry exists between several whom I could name. The exhibition of a newly acquired Gérôme or Cabanel in the private gallery of Brown is soon succeeded by a Breton or De Neuville in the parlors of his opulent friend Smith. To my certain knowledge more than one hundred thousand dollars have been invested in pictures by half-a-dozen gentlemen within a year, and their zeal shows no signs of abatement. Of course this enthusiasm on the part of a few is communicated to others, and, as a result, St. Louis is becoming recognized by dealers as one of the best art markets in the country.

The institution above all others among the artistic fraternity here is the Sketch Club. A couple of years ago there was very little harmony existing among the knights of the palette and brush. Jones was of the opinion that Johnson was a very boorish sort of a fellow

whose flesh tones were hard and leathery, while Johnson could scarcely tolerate Jones on general principles, aside from the fact that his drawing was execrable, and his landscapes devoid of merit. Now, Jones and Johnson meet at the rooms of the club every other Wednesday evening with as warm a grasp of the hand as though each were the traditional twin brother with the identical strawberry mark. They recognize the good qualities in each other's work, and both drawing and flesh tones have wonderfully improved under the kindly influence of good fellowship. At first I think there were three who concluded to form a club for mutual improvement in art and social enjoyment. Now there are about twenty-five contributing, and an equal number of privileged and associate members. The membership is divided into three classes. Contributing: artists and amateurs who furnish the sketches and have the management of the club. Privileged: those taking an active interest in art, such as connoisseurs and newspaper critics. Associates: business men, lawyers and others interested in art, but not especially identified with it. The club rooms have been uniquely decorated in mediæval style by the members, and are handsomely furnished, and the meetings are attended by as jolly a company as can be found anywhere. The resources of the artists in the direction of fun making are seemingly inexhaustible. Educated for the most part in the art centres abroad, they accumulated a supply of mirth-provoking material which is surprising. The songs of Munich and Paris have lost none of their unctious in the intervening years. Among the associate members are the honored Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, an ex-judge of the Circuit Court, and business men controlling some of the most extensive moneyed interests in the West. Within the genial atmosphere of the club room youth is renewed, and all join heartily in the enjoyment of the evening. W. R. H.

PROVIDENCE CORRESPONDENCE.

BRIGHTENING ART PROSPECTS—NOTES AND COMMENTS.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., January 12, 1880.

We are still living in the hope that our city will yet attain to some honorable rank in the art world. It is surely doing more than ever toward that end. Our School of Design has become an established institution; there is an increased interest in the work of our artists; a host of amateurs has arisen; the dealers are gaining confidence, and, it is to be hoped, art knowledge; and the artists themselves are trying to believe that they catch glimpses, however faint, of a cheering time ahead.

The establishment of an art club, perhaps like the Boston Art Club, is a subject of much thought, and is being agitated by the artists. Such a club is greatly needed. The artists are not gregarious enough; one is a hermit, another an indifferent, another an aristocrat, and so on. The club would bring them together; and then, by accepting members not of the fraternity, it is thought the artists may be enabled to fare better in society, besides gaining the wherewithal to paint the large exhibition pieces, so cherished and dreamed of, and to meet with a comfortable sense of superiority those appalling "monthly statements" of canvas and color from the material seller.

The reason why art gets no better foothold with us is not because none of us love it, but because our moneyed men are so much engrossed with stocks and cotton. They buy pictures, to be sure, but it is so much easier to judge of a signature than it is to judge of a picture that, in nine cases out of ten, they buy the signature. For instance, Mr. X. paid \$1800 for a tiny Diaz, only a few days ago, that, as a picture merely, was hardly worth \$50. Yet he loves native art; in fact, he loves all art.

HJALMAR STURLESON.